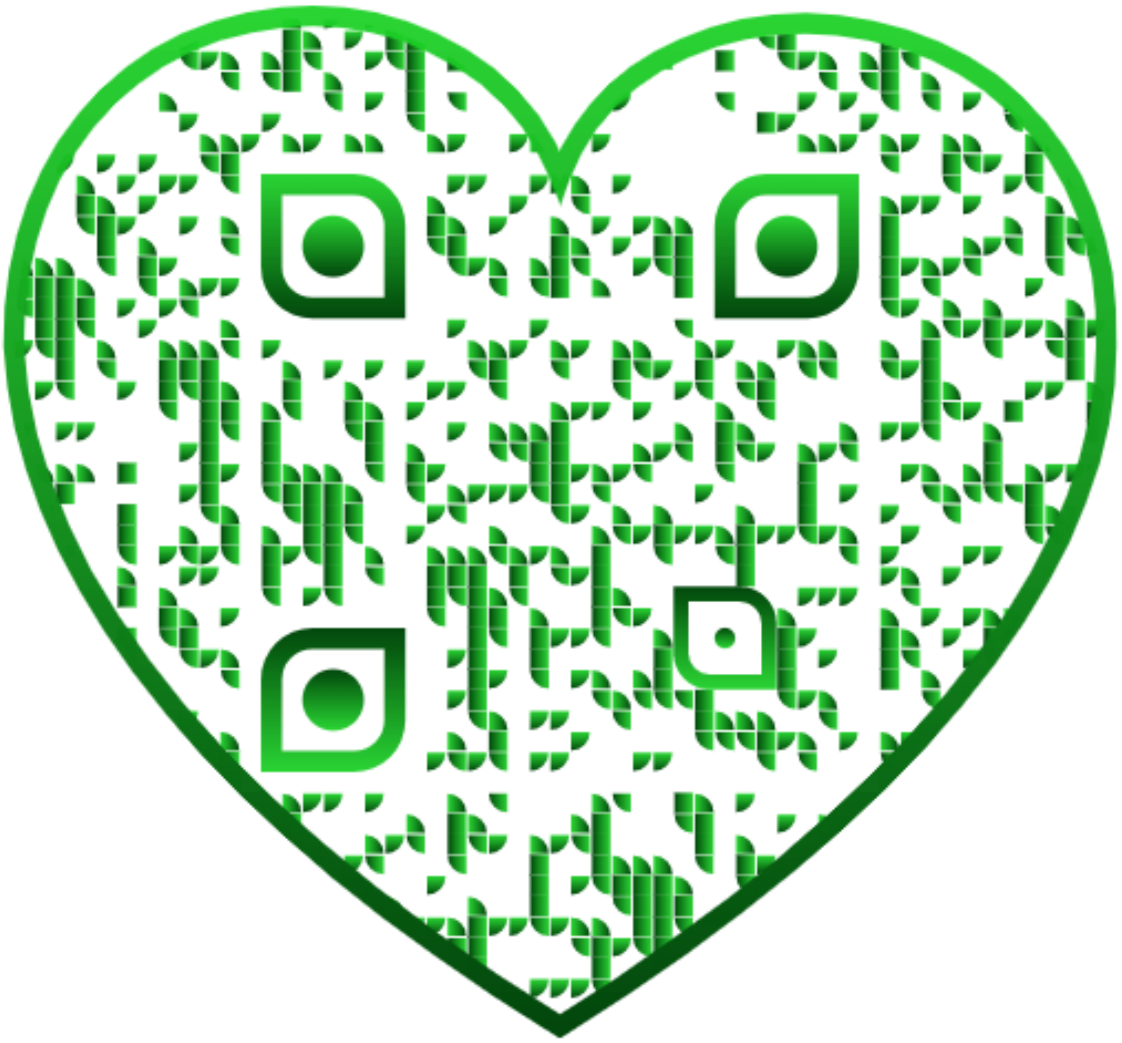
George Adamski

The Story of a UFO Contactee

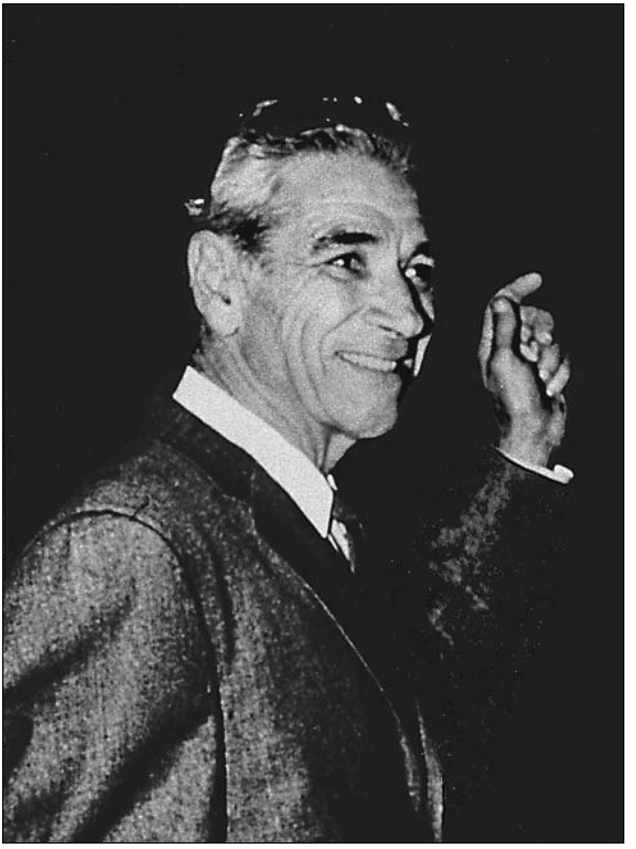
by Professor Solomon



During the 1950s the Earth was visited by the Space People. Unlike today's aliens, the Space People were tall and attractive, high-minded and benevolent. And they were *wise*. To share with us their wisdom, they made contact with selected individuals. The most celebrated of these was George Adamski.

Adamski was a philosopher who dwelt on a mountaintop in California. In 1953 he was taken aboard a flying saucer, flown to a mother ship, and entrusted with a mission. He was to communicate to Mankind the wisdom of the Space People.

Let us examine his life story, his encounters with the Space People, and his writings. And let us learn from him.



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Early Years

Adamski was born in 1891 in Poland, to parents who "possessed an unusual and deeply religious approach to the wonders of creation," we are told in a biographical sketch (by Charlotte Blodget) appended to *Inside the Space Ships.* Two years later the family emigrated to America; and George was raised in Dunkirk, New York, in modest circumstances.

At an early age he dropped out of school. Yet Adamski had begun a regimen of self-education that would continue throughout his life. Already he knew that to learn about nature's laws would be "the enduring quest of his life," and that his aim in acquiring that knowledge would be to serve Mankind. No doubt he was a familiar figure at the public library in Dunkirk, and in subsequent places of residence.*

At 22 Adamski joined the Army, serving with a cavalry regiment on the Mexican border. And towards the end of his enlistment, in 1917, he married.

What little is known of his activities during the next decade comes from his FBI file.† During this period Adamski moved about the Western states in search of work. He served as a maintenance worker in Yellowstone National Park; a laborer in an Oregon flour mill; a concrete contractor in Los Angeles. According to that biographical sketch, his travels and variety of jobs gave Adamski an insight into the ways and problems of his fellow man. Adamski worked hard on these jobs. Yet his mind was always active. He was an eager and energetic student, in "the university of the world."

Finally, the teacher emerged; and in 1926 Professor Adamski (as he billed himself in his pre-contactee days) began to teach philosophy in Los Angeles. His students were anyone

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* A number of flying saucer contactees have been self-educated. Daniel Fry, author of *Alan's Message: To Men of Earth,* tells of spending his evenings in "a night school class of one" in the reference room of the Pasadena Public Library.

† He was investigated in 1953 after claiming that the material in a talk he had given on UFOs had been "cleared" by the FBI and the Air Force.

who cared to listen to the impromptu lectures of a sidewalk philosopher. A few years later, in nearby Laguna Beach, he founded the Royal Order of Tibet. The Royal Order met in a building called the Temple of Scientific Philosophy. There the professor expounded upon the mysteries of Universal Law, to seekers of esoteric knowledge. And he traveled about California, New Mexico, and Arizona, giving lectures in behalf of the Royal Order. These early lectures Adamski would describe as "philosophical talks on the laws of life from a universal concept."

What were his qualifications for this lofty calling? Adamski would claim to have lived and studied in Tibet. In any event, he had mastered (from whatever sources, in that "university of the world") a vague body of generic wisdom and philosophy. (His teachings contain little that is specifically Eastern.) This knowledge he communicated via lectures, informal discussions, and self-published tracts and booklets. One of the booklets, published in 1936, was *Questions and Answers by the Royal Order of Tibet,* as "compiled" by Professor G. Adamski. The work was intended, declared its author, "to enlighten the student or seeker of truth," and to aid him in "awakening from the dream-life to the reality which leads to Mastery."*

One day a student presented him with a six-inch reflecting telescope; and Adamski began to explore—and to photograph—the heavens.

Amateur Astronomer

In 1940 Adamski and a few of his closest students—wishing to separate themselves from the travails of the

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* Here is a sampling from *Questions and Answers*:

"What is conscious consciousness?

Consciousness as a Totality of Being is merely a state of passive awareness.…"

"What is the law of cosmic brotherhood?

Universal love, harmony, unity, the oneness of all things.…"

"What is man's greatest enemy?

HIMSELF!"

world and devote themselves to philosophy—moved to a ranch near Mount Palomar. There they farmed and studied. Four years later the group acquired a 20-acre property on the mountain itself, with funds provided by Mrs. Alice Wells, one of the students. They cleared the land, built simple dwellings, and dubbed their new retreat Palomar Gardens. They also built a restaurant, which became a gathering place for the group. Called the Palomar Gardens Cafe and run by Mrs. Wells, it catered to both tourists on the mountain and visitors to the retreat. Adamski served as its handyman and all-around helper; but in the evenings he gave informal talks in the dining room.

At the top of the mountain was the Hale Observatory. In his opening remarks in *Flying Saucers Have Landed,* Adamski would seek to dispel the confusion that had resulted from his sharing an address with the Observatory:

> I am George Adamski, philosopher, student, teacher, saucer researcher. My home is Palomar Gardens, on the southern slopes of Mount Palomar, California, eleven miles from the big Hale Observatory, home of the 200-inch telescope —the world's largest. And to correct a wide-spread error let me say here, I am not and never have been associated with the staff of the Observatory. I am friendly with some of the staff members, but I do not work at the Observatory.*

Yet Adamski was an amateur astronomer. He had acquired by now a larger telescope: a fifteen-inch reflector. When night came to the mountain, he would head over to the dome in which the telescope was housed—to scan the heavens and ponder their mysteries.

One night in 1947, he watched as a series of lights moved across the sky. When one of them stopped abruptly and reversed its course, he said to himself: "This must be what they call a flying saucer."

It was a notion Adamski was able readily to accept. His years of studying and teaching philosophy, he explains, had

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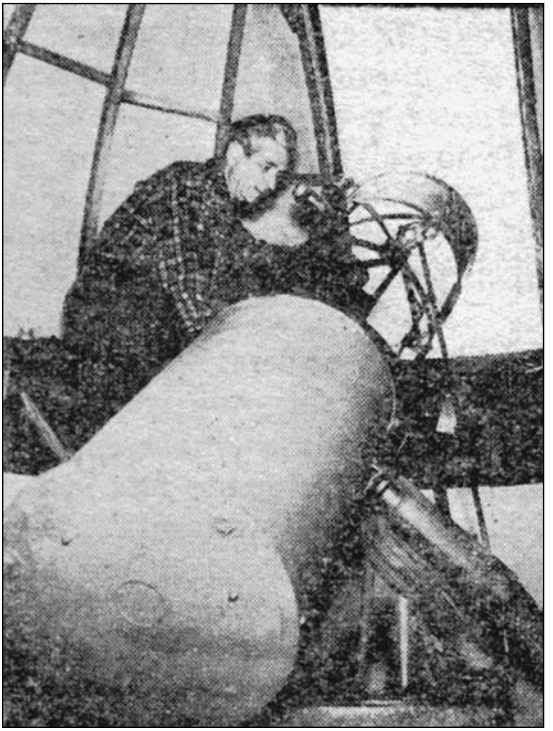
* Desmond Leslie and George Adamski, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* (Werner Laurie, 1953)—my source for most of the information on this phase of Adamski's career.



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convinced him that beings similar to Man must inhabit countless planets of the Universe, and that some of them would have developed the means of interplanetary travel. Adamski began to scan the sky in earnest, looking for spacecraft. And it was not long before he had spotted, and photographed, a number of them.

The local Rotary Club heard about the photos and invited him to give a talk on his sightings. A seasoned lecturer, Adamski was pleased to comply. The talk was well received by the Rotarians, and was given newspaper coverage.

Adamski applied himself now to obtaining more detailed photos of the spacecraft. In all kinds of weather, he scanned the sky through his telescope. And he began to entertain a hope—that one of the ships would land. That its occupants would emerge and speak with him—and maybe even give him a ride!

For the observations and photography that had become

his obsession, Palomar Gardens was the perfect site. Its 3000-foot elevation afforded a clear view in every direction. The view was inspiring as well: mountains, sea, distant San Diego. Night after night the philosopher spent with his telescope, often napping beside it in a hammock. In winter months the stars shone with an icy brilliance; and as the wind roared, not even the hot coffee that his wife (or a female follower) brought out to him could allay the cold. But on spring and summer nights the breeze whispered through the trees—owls hooted—coyotes yapped at the moon. These were "nights of magic to recompense for those of discomfort as I continued my watch for the mysterious saucers."

The saucers were increasingly visible (they were moving in closer to the Earth, he believed); and by 1952 Adamski had obtained a large quantity of photos, some of which showed "well outlined forms—but not much detail." Many of the craft he sighted were in the vicinity of the Moon.

Word of the photos spread; and Adamski—an unpolished yet oddly compelling public speaker—became in demand in Southern California as a lecturer. In his talks he displayed blow-ups of his best photos—*proof* of the reality of flying saucers—photographic evidence! He also published an article in *Fate* magazine. Titled "I Photographed Space Ships," it created a stir and brought in requests for copies of the photos (which Adamski supplied for a dollar each). As he became a figure of note in UFO circles, enthusiasts began to appear on his doorstep, often having driven a great distance to meet him.

Adamski knew, of course, that the response to the photos was mixed. Many people were scoffing and accusing him of fakery. But his lectures—however received—were serving a purpose, he insisted. They were causing people to take an interest in flying saucers, and to keep an eye out for the mysterious craft.

He continued to lecture, and to observe the sky at night, camera at the ready. And he was still holding forth at the Cafe. His subject, as before, was Cosmic Consciousness or the like—but with added reference now to our fellow inhabitants of the Universe.

Then, in 1952, Adamski began to hear "reports of saucers apparently landing in various desert areas not a great drive from Mount Palomar."

At last. They were landing.

Contactee

On the afternoon of November 20, 1952 (he tells us in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*), Adamski had his first encounter—face-to-face contact—with a man from Space.

During the previous year he had journeyed on several occasions into the Mojave Desert, to areas where saucers were said to be landing. Nothing had come of those excursions. On this day he was trying again. Accompanying him were Alice Wells; his secretary Lucy McGinnis; and four UFO enthusiasts, including Alfred Bailey and George Hunt Williamson.*

They drove about in the desert, watching the sky and following Adamski's hunches as to a possible landing site. Finally, he ordered that they stop and get out of the car.

They roamed on foot now, in the rocky desert terrain. Mountains loomed about them, deceptively close. A strong wind was blowing; and the women tied scarfs around their heads. After a half-hour the party returned to the car for a picnic lunch. But the saucer watch continued as they scanned the sky and ate.

Suddenly, everyone turned to look over a ridge—and gaped. As Adamski describes it in *Flying Saucers Have Landed*:

> Riding high, and without sound, there was a gigantic cigar-shaped silvery ship, without wings or appendages of any kind. Slowly, almost as if it was drifting, it came in our direction; then seemed to stop, hovering motionless.

Like a long, narrow cloud, the object hung there in the sky.

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* Bailey (a railway conductor) and Williamson (an amateur anthropologist) had recently exchanged radio messages—in Morse code—with the occupants of a flying saucer. See their book *The Saucers Speak!* (New Age, 1954).

Voices trembling with excitement, they debated the identity of the object. George Hunt Williamson was sure it was a spaceship. Lucy McGinnis deemed it an airplane; but unable to discern any wings, she suddenly changed her mind. Yes, a spaceship!

They stared in amazement at the long, narrow craft—not a flying saucer, but a mother ship.

It began to move off.

"Someone take me down to the road—quick!" said Adamski. "That ship has come looking for me and I don't want to keep them waiting!"

Adamski, McGinnis, and Bailey hopped into the car and drove a half-mile down the road. The ship seemed to be following them. Turning onto a dirt road, they drove along a shallow canyon. Adamski pointed to the base of a hill—that was where he wanted to set up his telescope and camera. As they arrived at the spot, the ship was directly overhead.

Adamski leapt from the car and unpacked his equipment. He told McGinnis and Bailey to leave him and rejoin the others—he wanted to be alone. They should return for him in an hour.

The car sped away with a trail of dust. Meanwhile, the silver ship was drifting off, like a cloud in the wind. Soon it had disappeared over the mountains.

Adamski was alone with his equipment and thoughts. He attached camera to telescope, adjusted the eyepiece.

Then his attention was caught by a flash in the sky. And he saw something—"a beautiful small craft"—drifting between two mountain peaks and settling into a cove.

A flying saucer!

He began to take pictures. With another flash the saucer moved out of sight.

Adamski stood there, camera in hand, awed by the proximity of the saucer. He wondered if its occupants knew he had been taking pictures. And he fell into a reverie.

His thoughts were interrupted. Someone was standing about a quarter of a mile away, motioning for Adamski to come over.

As his companions (who would later sign an affidavit

attesting to having witnessed the encounter) watched from a distance, Adamski walked toward the man. Strangely, he felt no fear. Hands thrust into the pockets of his windbreaker, he walked confidently and expectantly, as if approaching an old and trusted friend.

The man was wearing a jumpsuit. His long, blond hair was blowing in the wind. He was smiling.

Adamski halted an arm's length from the stranger.

> Now, for the first time I fully realised that I was in the presence of a man from space—A HUMAN BEING FROM ANOTHER WORLD!…The beauty of his form surpassed anything I had ever seen. And the pleasantness of his face freed me of all thought of my personal self. I felt like a little child in the presence of one with great wisdom and much love, and I became very humble within myself …for from him was radiating a feeling of infinite understanding and kindness, with supreme humility.

The spaceman extended his hand. It was slender, with fingers like those of "an artistic woman." Adamski reached out to shake it. But the spaceman shook his head, and gently placed his palm against Adamski's.

Adamski regarded the man with awe. He was cleanshaven and youthful in appearance. He had a high forehead, green eyes, and a smile that revealed glistening teeth. His jumpsuit was brown, with a radiant sheen. He wore no jewelry, carried no weapon.

The two men began to communicate, via a combination of telepathy, gestures, and facial expressions. The spaceman was from Venus, he informed Adamski. His visit was friendly, but serious in purpose. For he had come to warn us of the dangers of nuclear explosions—dangers for both the Earth and its neighbors in the Solar System.

Adamski noticed now the saucer in which he had arrived. Bell-shaped and translucent, it was hovering just off the ground in a cove. A scout ship, explained the spaceman, that had emerged from the mother ship seen earlier.

As the wind blew their hair and ruffled the bushes around them, Adamski put questions to the spaceman. How did his ship operate? Did the Venusians believe in

a Deity? Did they experience death? The spaceman answered the questions. But when Adamski asked to take his picture, he shook his head.

He led Adamski over to the saucer. It wobbled in the wind; and prismatic colors flashed on its surface. Adamski found himself speechless, overcome with joy.

Could he go for a ride? The spaceman shook his head. Could he just step inside and take a look around? No, not at this time.

Then the spaceman said goodbye and reboarded his ship. It rose, glided over the mountains, and disappeared from view.

Adamski was soon rejoining his party and filling them in on what had happened. He and the others returned to the site, to examine the spaceman's footprints and to look for traces of the saucer. Then they drove into town for dinner.

Two days later an Arizona newspaper ran a story about the encounter. More newspaper coverage followed; and it was not long before Adamski himself was writing a full account of his experience.

The manuscript found its way to the desk of Waveney Girvan, editor-in-chief of a British publishing house. A UFO enthusiast, Girvan says that it "made an immediate appeal to me: I felt I was handling dynamite." Though fearing the book might bring ridicule upon his imprint, he decided to publish it.*

And in the fall of 1953, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* appeared in bookstores. Coauthored by Adamski and Desmond Leslie (a British ufologist who wrote the historical portion of the book), it describes in detail the encounter in the desert. It also included the latest—and most sensational—photos of spacecraft that Adamski had taken through his telescope. In its concluding chapter we are told:

> Now I am hoping that the spaceman will return again, and that then I will be granted more time to visit with him. Believe me, I am saving up questions. And many of my friends are also accumulating questions. Couldn't it be possible that he might actually let me have a ride in his ship of the Great Ethers? He would not have to invite me twice.

Aboard the Ships

The book sold well; and Adamski's fame spread. Newspapers ran features on him—the amateur astronomer who claimed to have photographed spaceships and to have chatted with a spaceman! He began to receive lecture invitations from around the country, in particular from the UFO clubs that were springing up. And increasingly, people were appearing on his doorstep—saucer enthusiasts, the curious, and the just plain batty.

Meanwhile, his contacts with the Space People (or Space

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* One of his reasons for doing so, explains Girvan in *Flying Saucers and Common Sense* (Citadel Press, 1956), was to elucidate saucers to members of his club who had been looking at him askance.

Brothers, as he liked to call them) continued, and grew more spectacular.*

And in 1955 he published (with Abelard-Schuman) another book, to describe these further encounters. It was titled *Inside the Space Ships.*†

If *Flying Saucers Have Landed* strained his credibility with many readers, *Inside the Space Ships* (which included additional photos) stretched it to its limits. Desmond Leslie, in a foreword to the book, puts his finger on the problem. This "amazing document," says Leslie, may be taken in one of two ways. It may be either believed or disbelieved. The reader must make up his own mind on this fundamental question.

Inside the Space Ships takes up the tale three months after the desert encounter. In his home on Palomar Adamski was feeling restless. And he found welling up inside him an inexplicable urge to visit Los Angeles.

Taking a bus into the city and checking into his usual hotel, he recalled a certain student of his—a young woman. Unable to get away to Palomar, she had asked Adamski to telephone her the next time he was in town.

He did so; and the student was soon joining him at the hotel. They talked; and he advised her in regard to some personal matters. She expressed her gratitude, and said she had been thinking of him and hoping he would show up to help her.

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* His wife Mary is said to have fallen to her knees on one occasion, begging him to stop meeting with the spacemen and discontinue his writing on the subject. But Adamski replied that a mission had been thrust upon him; not even for the sake of his family could he desist.

† *Inside the Space Ships* was ghostwritten by Charlotte Blodget, to whom Adamski expresses his appreciation for "framing my experiences in the written words of this book." His other major works, *Flying Saucers Have Landed* and *Flying Saucers Farewell,* were also ghostwritten. (The serviceable prose of these books contrasts sharply with the ungainly style of his philosophical works, which were written apparently by Adamski himself.) And his secretary, Lucy McGinnis, is said to have been responsible for the "clear formulation of his thoughts" in Adamski's letters.

Walking her back to the trolley, Adamski wondered if a telepathic message from the student had brought him into the city. But upon returning to the hotel, he found that inexplicable urge to be with him still.

He stood there in the lobby, beset with restlessness and a sense of anticipation.

Suddenly, two men in suits walked up to him. One of them smiled, addressed Adamski by name, and extended his hand. Adamski did likewise, and received a familiar greeting: a pressing of palms.

These strangers, he realized, were not of the Earth.

The smiling man asked if he was available to come with them. Adamski said he was. They led him outside to a black sedan. The three got in and drove off into the night.

As the sedan headed out of the city, the pair revealed their identity. They were "contact men," living secretly among the people of Earth. One was from Mars, the other from Saturn.

The three men traveled on in silence. Urban sprawl gave way to desert. Stars began to be visible in the sky.

Leaving the highway, they drove along a rough road. "We have a surprise for you," said the Martian. In the distance Adamski could see something glowing on the ground. His heart beat faster as they approached it.

The sedan pulled up beside a flying saucer. It resembled the one he had gazed upon in the desert.

And standing beside it was the very Venusian with whom he had chatted that day. With a radiant smile, the jumpsuited figure greeted Adamski.

Adamski was escorted aboard by the three spacemen—by Firkon, Ramu, and Orthon (the Venusian). Passing through a curved passageway, they entered the main cabin. It was circular with a domed ceiling. On the wall were graphs and charts. At the center of the cabin—connecting lenses in the floor and ceiling—was a column: the magnetic pole (he would learn) that propelled the saucer.

Firkon and Ramu invited Adamski to join them on a curved bench beside the column. Orthon, meanwhile, had approached the control panel. Adamski felt an indescribable joy. It was dawning on him that his dream was about

to be realized. *He was being taken on a journey into Space.*

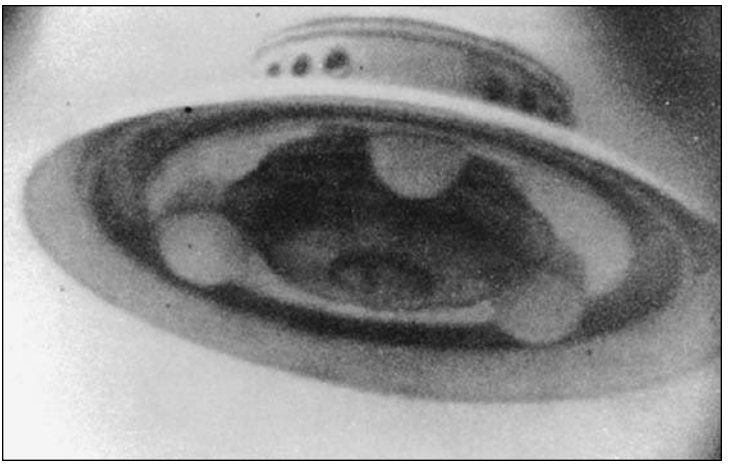
With almost no sensation of movement, the ship took off. Adamski looked down into the lens and saw rooftops skimming by. Through the lens in the ceiling he saw myriads of stars.

As the saucer rose, Adamski was briefed on a few of its features. Then he was told to prepare for a landing—in the mother ship. The same one that had passed over the desert, and that was now floating eight miles above the Earth. He looked out a porthole and caught his breath. There it was—half a mile long.

"The spectacle of that gigantic cigar-shaped carrier ship hanging there motionless in the stratosphere," he writes, "will never dim in my memory."

The saucer passed through an opening in the great ship and docked inside. The four men disembarked; and Adamski was led through the forbidding interior of a mother ship. He was shown tiers of platforms filled with instruments, and a control room.

Then they entered a lounge. Adamski's attention "instantly was absorbed by two incredibly lovely young women" who rose from a divan and came toward him. One of the women kissed Adamski on the cheek; the other brought him a goblet of clear liquid. Both were tall; had long, wavy hair; and wore gossamer robes and golden san-



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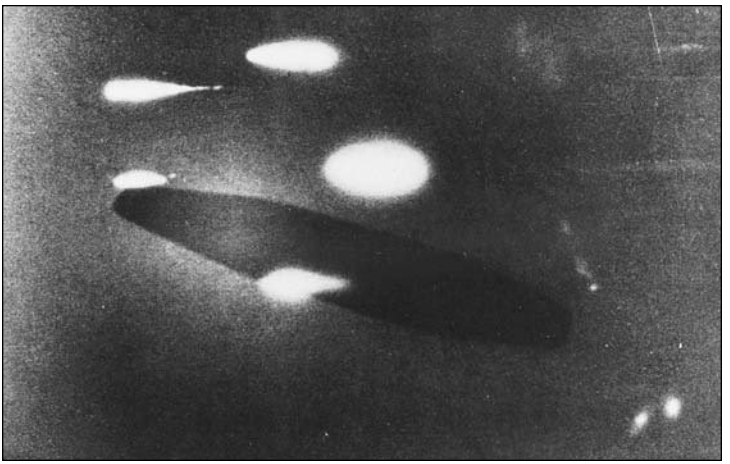
dals. They looked at him with merry eyes; and he had the feeling these women could read his innermost thoughts.

Adamski was motioned onto a divan. He sipped on his beverage as one of the women—Kalna—explained to him the purpose of a mother ship. It cruised about Space, she said, for the pleasure and edification of its occupants. Every citizen of the Universe got to spend part of the year visiting and learning about other planets. The inhabitants of such planets were always friendly—with the sole exception of Earth. That was why the mother ships never landed on Earth.

Adamski was taken to the pilot room, for a spectacular view of Space. Through the window he gazed upon millions of colored lights that flickered in the blackness. And amidst this "celestial fireworks display" was the Earth: a ball of light shrouded in clouds. (By now the ship had risen to an altitude of 50,000 miles.)

They rejoined Ramu in the lounge. The Saturnian was seated with a man in loose, comfortable-looking clothing. (The Space People wear jumpsuits only while working, Adamski would learn.) The man appeared to be about the same age as Adamski—the first person he had encountered on the ship who was not youthful in appearance. The goblets were refilled. Adamski sipped on the beverage, finding it "delicately sweet with an elusiveness that was tantaliz-



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ing." The nectar of the gods!

About an hour had elapsed since his departure from Earth. Yet in that short space of time, he tells us, "my whole life and understanding had opened to a far greater concept of the Universe than I had gained during the sixty-one years of my total life on Earth."

But more understanding was about to come his way. For Adamski was addressed now by that older-looking man—who turned out to be a highly-evolved, thousand-year-old Master.

The Master began to speak; and Adamski and the others listened, attentively and humbly. "My son…" he said, looking Adamski in the eye.

And he launched into a discourse on the philosophy, wisdom, and ways of the Space People. He revealed to Adamski that the entire Universe is populated by human beings. Each planet, however, is at a different stage of development. Indeed, the purpose of human life is to develop. And how does a human develop? *By adhering to Universal Law.* The Space People, said the Master, wanted to help us understand Universal Law—wanted to share their wisdom with us. And why had they arrived at this moment in our his-

tory? To warn us of the perils of nuclear testing.

The Master spoke on and on. He touched on perfection …paths that led upward…nonviolence…tolerance. Occasionally, Adamski would think of a question—and the Master would read his mind and answer it.

The lecture concluded with an injunction. Adamski was to return to Earth with a "message of hope" for his fellow man. The Space People were giving him a mission—an urgent one. He was to convey their wisdom to the human race.

The Master rose and gazed deeply into Adamski's eyes; and the philosopher felt a new sense of strength. The Master gestured farewell and departed the lounge.

Everyone was silent for a moment. Then Kalna remarked that it was always a privilege to listen to the Master.

Adamski chatted with his hosts. They commended him for standing up to the ridicule that had been heaped upon him, and for his refusal to use his contact for self-aggrandizement or commercialism. "In the face of all derision, disbelief—even when the validity of your photographs was challenged—we saw how staunch you remained to that which, within yourself, you knew to be true."

More drinking of the nectarlike beverage followed. Then Ramu announced it was time to return to Earth. Adamski was led back to the saucer.

He was flown back to Earth and driven to his hotel. Few words were exchanged during the drive. Adamski was absorbed in his thoughts; and Firkon, at the wheel of the sedan, left him alone.

In his hotel room he sat on the edge of the bed, reflecting on his meeting with the Space People. And he realized that—unbelievable as it was—he must speak of it to Mankind. For the Space People had made him their messenger.

Adamski slept for a few hours, then took the bus back to Mount Palomar.

He was soon at work on *Inside the Space Ships.* It would relate the events of that memorable night; describe the Space People and their philosophy; and tell of subsequent journeys into Space. During one of these, he was flown around the Moon (more than a decade before the astronauts

of Apollo 8) in a saucer. During another, he was shown an awesome scene on a television screen: the surge and swirl of interstellar dust and energy—the basic force of the Universe.

And in the book's most inspiring passage, Adamski describes his return to Earth after one of those rides aboard a saucer:

> I returned to my room in the hotel, but not to sleep. My experiences of the night had so strengthened and invigorated me that I felt like a new man, my mind awake and alert with thoughts more vivid and swift than ever before! My heart sang with joy, and my body was freshened as though from a long rest. There was much to be done this day, and tomorrow I must return to my home on the mountain; but from now on I would, to the best of my ability, live each moment as it came, complete in its fullness, serving the One Intelligence as man is intended to do, and for which purpose he was created.

Truly, the philosopher had benefited profoundly from his encounters with the Space People.

Pinnacle of Success

And he would continue to benefit from them—as author, lecturer, and celebrity. His books were selling, and drawing national attention to Adamski—the man who had traveled in flying saucers! Who had photographed them! Not only was he in demand as a speaker (in 1958 he and C. A. Honey, his chief assistant, completed a 4000-mile lecture tour), but as a guest on radio and television shows.

He and his followers had sold Palomar Gardens, and purchased a property further up the mountain. Among the buildings they raised on the new site were accommodations for a growing number of visitors. These included persons who came to study Cosmic Law (some of them widows with large bank accounts), and also a longhaired, bearded contingent: West Coast beatniks who "dug" the outrageousness of Adamski. Other marginal types were also showing up. Lamented Lucy McGinnis: "You would be

surprised to learn how many mediums come with 'special messages' for G.A. People of all branches of religion and metaphysics drive up to enlighten and save him. Some are very difficult to talk to, but we do our best to be patient and friendly at all times."*

And visiting from time to time was Adamski's brother, a Catholic priest. He and George would engage in long discussions. No doubt they touched upon organized religion, of which Adamski seems to have strongly disapproved.†

For some time now Adamski had been coordinating a network of correspondents. These devoted followers—known as "co-workers"—received from Mount Palomar a newsletter, the *Cosmic Bulletin,* that kept them posted on the activities of the Space People. They corresponded with one another and organized study groups. The network extended beyond the borders of the U.S., and was to prove useful in 1959—when George Adamski embarked upon a world tour.

The tour had been prompted, he insisted, by the Space People, who had told him to go forth and explain the reasons for their coming. It began in New Zealand, in January, then moved on to Australia, England, Holland, and Switzerland. Co-workers in each country had arranged meetings, lectures, and publicity.

From its start the tour was a success. The lectures (which included a film) were attended by overflow crowds. Australia was particularly gratifying. When his plane landed in Sidney, a crowd of reporters, curiosity seekers, and saucer enthusiasts (whom Adamski describes in *Flying Saucers Farewell* as "wonderful men and women who are dedicated to seeking out the peaceful, productive means by which we shall earn our rightful, dignified position among the civilizations of other planets") converged on him; and he held a press conference. The ensuing publicity helped fill the lecture halls.

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* Quoted in Lou Zinsstag, *UFO…George Adamski, Their Man on Earth* (UFO Photo Archives, 1990).

† Zinsstag reports that he had a "peculiar idiosyncrasy against entering any church." When he did so once during a visit to Rome, he turned pale and left as soon as possible.

Then it was on to England, where he lectured to large crowds and appeared in a television debate with an astronomer. (Adamski claims to have won the debate through "sheer dignity.")

But the high point of the tour came in Holland. Just before his arrival, Adamski learned—to his surprise and glee—that the country's ruler, Queen Juliana, wished to meet with him. Juliana had a penchant for the mystical. (Her attachment several years earlier to a faith-healer had prompted calls for her abdication; but she had weathered the crisis.) Having heard that the man who had gone up in a flying saucer was about to visit her domain, the Queen wanted to talk with the fellow.

Adamski checked into a hotel in The Hague. The next day a royal limousine picked him up and drove him to the Palace. As he was led inside, Adamski (pleased with himself) was saluted by guards, doormen, and attendants.

The audience took place in the library. Wearing a stately blue frock, the Queen was flanked by Prince Bernhard, her science advisers, and the Air Force Chief of Staff. Unable to dissuade the Queen from meeting with an obvious charlatan (as they viewed Adamski), these men had sought to form a protective group about her.

Adamski was "nervous with anticipation" (he recalls in *Flying Saucers Farewell*), "but a feeling of calm and ease came over me as I stood in the presence of the Queen.…I completely forgot all the instructions and could not remember the formalities that should have followed. Instead, I acted upon my feelings, for here was a feeling of welcome as among friends."

Coffee and pastries were served. Then, for nearly two hours, Adamski regaled Her Majesty with an account of his adventures in Space.

The Queen listened politely and attentively. Her advisers, however, kept asking Adamski questions designed to discredit him. The space traveler remained undaunted. At one point he insisted officials in the U.S. were withholding information on UFOs, and asked the Queen if the same situation might not exist in Holland.

Her Majesty gave "a tiny smile of acknowledgement."

When the audience was over, both the Queen and the Prince shook Adamski's hand. The firmness of their handshakes impressed him. Of the Prince's he would remark: "It was one of those handshakes which mean more than words. I felt he was in agreement with me."

And climbing back into the royal limousine, Adamski was returned to his hotel.

Meanwhile, word of Juliana's meeting with *a flying saucer contactee* had spread—and Holland was thrown into an uproar. Declared one newspaper: "A shame for our country." Another paper was more accommodating: "We are not opposed to a court jester on the green lawns of the Royal Palace, provided he is not taken for an astronomical philosopher." In an interview the Air Force Chief dismissed Adamski: "The man's a pathological case."

But Juliana seemed to have enjoyed her meeting with the man who had been to Space. Said one of her advisers: "The Queen showed an extraordinary interest in the whole subject." And Adamski—who went on to lecture before sold-out houses in The Hague and Amsterdam—stated that Her Majesty had been "very interested…I wish everyone had a mind as open to progress—and I don't mean gullible—as I experienced today."*

The next stop on the tour was Switzerland. He was picked up at the train station and taken to a hotel by co-worker Lou Zinsstag.†

In her *George Adamski: Their Man on Earth,* Zinsstag has described his stay in Switzerland. A memorable moment, she says, came in Basle, where she and Adamski encoun-

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* Adamski's meeting with the Queen brings to mind Groucho Marx's encounters with the society matron played by Margaret Dumont.

† Zinsstag was cousin to Carl Jung, the noted psychologist. In his book *Flying Saucers: A Modern Myth of Things Seen in the Skies* (Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1959), Jung posits that UFOs are archetypes—"psychological projections" that express the fears and yearnings of the Unconscious—visionary images of wholeness and order. Zinsstag tried unsuccessfully to convince him they were actual spacecraft, piloted by extraterrestrials. She also sought, unsuccessfully, to get him to meet with Adamski.

tered one of the Space People. They were sitting in a sidewalk cafe at the time, having a conversation. The only other patron was a blond man in sunglasses, whom Adamski kept eyeing. The man finally got up and left, smiling at them as he walked by. Adamski explained to her that the stranger was one of the Space People.

But Switzerland was also the scene of something new in Adamski's career: organized hostility. The first sign that trouble was brewing came at his opening lecture in Zurich. The lecture was attended by a sympathetic audience; and when it was over, a question-and-answer session was held. Suddenly, a man stalked to the front and insisted that the questioning was a stage-managed sham. He also accused Adamski of being not the real Adamski, but an impersonator. The man refused to give his name and departed hastily from the hall.

The following day Adamski delivered a second lecture, at a larger hall that was filled to capacity. But many in the crowd were university students who had come to disrupt the event. They proceeded to do so. After each of his sentences they stamped their feet and clapped. They hollered, sang, tossed fruit. Adamski gave up trying to speak and called for the film to be shown. But as the lights dimmed, trumpets and noisemakers began to sound. Firecrackers exploded. A searchlight was beamed at the screen. After a woman was struck by a tossed beer bottle, the police ordered everyone to leave.

The students, it would seem, were simply out for some raucous fun. But Adamski blamed the disruption on "the Silence Group," a cabal dedicated to suppressing the truth about flying saucers.

His next scheduled stop was Rome. But the rigors of touring, the incident at Zurich, and the summer heat had taken their toll on the 68-year-old lecturer. He cancelled his remaining appearances and flew back to America. Zinsstag describes his departure from the airport: "While standing in a queue, he suddenly took me in his arms and gave me a huge kiss. I have seldom been so astonished in my life—of a kiss, I mean."

She was one of those "wonderful men and women" ded-

icated to spreading the word about the Space People; and Their Man on Earth was appreciative.

Last Years

Adamski was soon at work on another book. And in 1961 *Flying Saucers Farewell*—perhaps the most interesting of his works—was published by Abelard-Schuman. It touches on such matters as farming on Venus; the mission of the Space People; the principles by which they live (avoidance of negative thoughts, etc.); their architecture; their attitude toward work; UFOs and the Bible; telepathy; vegetation on the Moon; the propulsion system of the ships; and scientific confirmation of Adamski's findings. The book includes a refutation of charges of fakery that had been leveled against him, and an account of his world tour.

The *farewell* in the title refers, he explains, to his having completed a preliminary study of the UFO phenomenon. Henceforth a "new program of greater intellectual expansion, along technical and philosophical lines, will be carried out by myself and my associates." He would continue to explore Man's place in the Universe, but from a new perspective.

That same year Adamski self-published a philosophic treatise called *Cosmic Philosophy.* Unlike his saucer books, it is abstract, didactic—and almost unreadable. Here is a sample of its prose:

> Always you are One, you are All, as a centralized point of being. Undying, unchanging—and the Consciousness, Cause, and the Action—evolving, transmuting a form to a unified state of awareness.

The main idea of the book seems to be that the ego must be transcended, allowing the mind to "vanish into the illumined vastness of Cosmic intelligence." The reader is urged to tear away "the veil of mystery that separates himself from the Cosmic Halls of Wisdom." For some 87 pages Adamski expounds (or blathers) in this high-minded fashion. Toward the end Firkon appears and relates a parable.

Cosmic Philosophy does conclude with some practical advice. Adamski suggests keeping a daily ledger of your thoughts. Divide a page into two columns—one for positive thoughts, the other for negative. Constantly monitor and assess your thoughts, making marks in the appropriate column. At the end of each day tabulate your score. "Over a period of time you will find that your old thought habits that caused confusion and disorder in the mind and body have disappeared."

He also disseminated, via the newsletter, a series of articles on Cosmic Philosophy. The reaction was mixed. "I for one found his elaborations becoming repetitious and, sometimes, too abstract," writes Lou Zinsstag. She complains of having grown "tired of Adamski's articles on Cosmic Philosophy. They were moralizing and often singularly pointless."

The network of co-workers was still alive and well. They continued to correspond, publish bulletins, hold meetings —and await the arrival of the Space People. But Adamski's communiqués to them became briefer and less frequent; and finally he put C. A. Honey in charge of the network. He had decided to concentrate, he explained, on Cosmic Philosophy and other vital concerns.

The nature of those concerns soon became apparent. In March 1962, Adamski announced that he was about to leave for Saturn—to attend an interplanetary conference. He would bring back, he promised, "the highest teachings ever given to Earth people." He would also attempt to send, from the conference, a telepathic message to co-workers around the world. They were told to meditate at a specified hour, and to have pencil and paper ready.

Only one of them succeeded in receiving the message. (It was a brief greeting.) But all were soon receiving in the mail a copy of "Report on My Trip to the Twelve Counselors' Meeting of Our Sun System." The Saturn Report, as it became known, was disturbing to many of his followers. The problem was not that he had gone to Saturn (they expected no less), but that he had gotten there by a disreputable means. For Adamski had traversed the millions of miles via a kind of astral travel.

Astral travel involves zipping about in one's nonmaterial body; and Adamski had denounced as frauds those claiming to have engaged in the practice. They were "mystical hucksters," who undermined the credibility of authentic fellows like him. That psychic stuff—astral bodies, automatic writing, spirit entities—was nonsense; and he had told his followers to stay away from it.

But now he did a turnabout, and became preoccupied with a grab bag of mystical practices. He experimented with Ouija boards and hypnotism; wrote about witchcraft; speculated on the past lives of those around him. And he engaged in trance mediumship—something the old Adamski had especially denounced. During one trance he insisted Orthon had possessed him and was speaking through him.

Many of his followers were scandalized. A ride in a flying saucer—a nuts-and-bolts ship—had been easy for them

to accept. But astral travel? Reincarnation? Possession by spacemen? These were beyond the pale of belief. C. A. Honey, who was editing the newsletter, wrote to Lou Zinsstag: "Recent articles by George were so far out I could not publish them."

Was Adamski exploring the borderlands of human experience…or (the view of his detractors) cracking under the strain of an on-going imposture?

Then came the matter of the postal box.

In October copies of a mysterious note were received by co-workers. The note was written in hieroglyphic characters, with an English translation:

> You are doing good work. Adamski is the only one on Earth that we support.

The return address was a postal box in Glendale, California. Around the same time a classified ad, offering to put "qualified persons" in touch with the Space People—for a fee—appeared in newspapers. The address was that same postal box.

Adamski denied any connection with the note or the ad. But it was discovered that he had secretly rented the postal box. Could the old man be "going off the beam" (as fellow contactee Sonja Lyubein, who was staying with him at the time, was telling people)? He was acting like a two-bit charlatan.

His followers began to doubt Adamski. They saw him as defecting from his mission and betraying the Space People. Even Lucy McGinnis—his devoted secretary of many years—left him, unable to bear what must have seemed to her a self-betrayal.

Adamski's career was in decline. Yet a final moment of glory awaited him.

In 1963 he flew to Copenhagen and delivered a series of lectures. Afterwards he stopped in Switzerland, for a visit with Lou Zinsstag. She greeted him with enthusiasm. But it was not the Adamski she remembered. He had become, she says in her book, boastful, flippant, inattentive to others. Zinsstag found herself dismayed by this new persona.

Why the change? She speculates that he had come under the influence of malevolent spacemen. And she knew that some of his recent projects had come to naught. (It does not seem to have occurred to Zinsstag that he might be sagging under the weight of decades of deception.) Whatever the case, his visit was proving a disappointment.

At times, however, he became his old self—sincere, jovial, friendly. He would tell jokes or address some fascinating topic; and the two wound up passing a few "wonderful hours of perfect understanding."

Then Adamski made a startling announcement. He wanted her to accompany him to Rome, where he was scheduled to meet with the Pope.

Zinsstag looked at him in astonishment. The Pope?

Adamski nodded and insisted that a meeting with the Pope had been arranged. From his pocket he took a package. It contained a message, he said, from the Space People, who had asked him to deliver it to the Pope.

Zinsstag was dubious. But they flew to Rome, and were soon making their way to the Vatican. As they approached the Apostolic Palace, Adamski looked about for the papal representative with whom he was supposed to rendezvous.

"There he is, I can see the man. Please, wait for me at this very spot in about an hour's time!"

He descended the steps and, going to the left, entered a doorway—from which Zinsstag thought to discern someone gesturing to him. She was puzzled, though, having expected Adamski to turn right and go in at the main entrance where the Swiss Guards were posted.

After an hour she returned, to find Adamski waiting for her and "grinning like a monkey." On his face was an unforgettable look of sheer joy. The Pope had received him, he said, and accepted the message from the Space People.

Adamski showed her a commemorative coin, and described how the Pope had given it to him—in appreciation of his having delivered the message.

Had this meeting truly taken place? The coin dispelled any doubts Zinsstag may have had. It could only have come, she told herself, from the Pope. George had met with him!

Adamski returned to California with his memento. And

he sank deeper into questionable activities. He peddled instructions for traveling (via self-hypnosis) to other planets. And he published a study course that was an updated version of *Questions and Answers by the Royal Order of Tibet* —with all references to Tibetan Masters altered to "Space Brothers" or "Cosmic Brotherhood."*

His final years were marred by a schism in his organization. It began with a dispute over copyrights. Adamski accused C. A. Honey of publishing, under Honey's own name, ideas and materials stolen from Adamski. The two men split. Co-workers sided with one or the other; and everything began to fall apart.

Even Lou Zinsstag, appalled by his descent into mysticism, broke with Adamski. Yet she felt beholden to him. "I can still call him friend. Never in my life can I forget the

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* The Tibetan Masters themselves, say Adamski's critics, were borrowed from Theosophy (via one or another of its offshoots that flourished in Southern California during the thirties).

Theosophy was an influential mystical movement founded by Helena Petrovna Blavatsky (1831–1891). A trance medium and occultist, Madame Blavatsky claimed to be in contact with the Ascended Masters—advanced beings with powers such as telepathy and astral projection. Based in Tibet (yet traveling widely—to other planes, other planets, and Blavatsky's apartment in New York), they manifest themselves to specially favored individuals. The Masters that appeared to Blavatsky were a wisdom-speaking pair named Koot Hoomi and Morya—the predecessors, say those critics, of Firkon and his friends.

THE GEORGE PEABODY LIBRARY OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

Like Adamski, the cigar-smoking Madame Blavatsky (whom the Society for Psychical Research called "one of the most accomplished, ingenious, and interesting imposters of history") was reviled by many as a charlatan, and revered by others as a spiritual teacher.

thrill and the happiness his books and former letters brought into my life."

He continued to travel and lecture; to meet with followers who had remained loyal; and to dwell on Mount Palomar.

Over Mount Palomar, on cloudless nights, hovered the Moon. A pale orb that astronomers scrutinized…that coyotes yapped at…that owls hunted by.

And that George Adamski—who had *flown around it*—gazed at dreamily and nostalgically.

In 1965, while in Washington, D.C., for a lecture, Adamski died. He was buried (as an ex-soldier) in Arlington National Cemetery.

Who Was This Man?

What sort of man was George Adamski? Did he truly travel on a flying saucer and meet with the Space People? Was he a contactee—or a con man?

In her introduction to *Inside the Space Ships,* Charlotte Blodget (its ghostwriter) admits that the book will elicit "incredulity in varying degrees." Some will believe Adamski, she says; others will see him as the victim of delusions or the perpetrator of a hoax. But she knows her own mind in the matter. She has met the man, and found him to be of "unquestionable integrity."

Blodget goes on to describe Adamski. He is handsome, kind, patient. (That patience, she says, must have influenced his selection by the Space People.) He is well-balanced and approachable. He has a sense of humor. And he is a man of wisdom, whose lack of formal education has left him "free of the fetters which too often shackle the academic mind."

Others who knew him have added to this portrait. Lou Zinsstag reports that his manners were impeccable; that he was "the perfect gentleman" in his relations with women; that he was at once quick-witted and naïve. But the quality she found most remarkable was his ability to play down his own courage and dedication. Instead, he came on as a lighthearted fellow, sprinkling his conversation with expressions such as "to hell with it" or "what the devil."

Desmond Leslie tells us that Adamski was physically strong, with "burning black eyes." He was a down-to-earth sort, and—beneath his public persona of a talkative, colorful celebrity—a "great human being."

William Sherwood, a ufologist who met with Adamski on several occasions, praises his integrity. He describes (in a letter reprinted in Zinsstag's book) how Adamski had been offered money to repudiate his photos and claims, but had turned it down. (The money had been offered, speculates Sherwood, by business interests opposed to the low-cost sources of energy that the Space People might reveal to us.) Sherwood sums him up as a "self-taught, many sided man of destiny"—a visionary who faced courageously the ridicule and antagonism that came his way.

And Bryant and Helen Reeve (a retired couple who visited contactees) found him to be a "sincere and unruffled man." They were taken with Adamski's winning smile, and found his answers to their questions to be sensible and convincing. "He is truly an extraordinary individual," they concluded, "a man of many contrasts, many moods, many ideas, and many experiences—different, so different."

For many who knew him, then, Adamski was almost a noble figure. Yet even his admirers could admit that the "man of destiny" was not perfect. Sherwood noted that the pressures to which he was subject caused him to make mistakes—though never to become dishonest.

And Major Hans Peterson, the Danish Air Force officer who organized the lectures in Copenhagen, saw the entire man:

> George Adamski was a remarkable person. He owned nothing, had no money, not in a bank. Without being slovenly he dressed as he wished, even at high level parties. He swore, he liked a drink, he made love with any woman who approached him and whom he liked, and they were not few. And at the same time we find a man who entertains deep veneration of the Creator, of Nature and of his fellow man and for the Cosmic Laws in a degree, which one normally does not see on this planet.*

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* *UFO Contact,* Spring 1980. Reprinted in Zinsstag.

Even Lou Zinsstag recognized the ambiguities in the man, realizing there was "probably another story to his story." She mentions his skill at evading direct questions, and tells of a conversation that "added to the somewhat oppressive image of a mystery man and kept me at a distance for the rest of our friendship."

So we are left with a mystery man—a down-to-earth sage and high-minded emissary of the Space People, with an unknown side to him.

Yet for many who heard about him, George Adamski was no mystery at all. In the view of those who scoffed at flying saucers (and of many who believed in them), he was clearly a fraud—a humbug—a rascal! His claims of having met the Space People were preposterous. His detractors were amazed that such nonsense was given the slightest attention—much less credence. Seeking to discredit him, they accused Adamski of all manner of sins and disreputable activities. Major Peterson has listed some of the calumnies leveled against him: "Dishwasher, hot-dog seller, restaurant-keeper, religious fanatic, drunkard, illegal alcohol distiller, liar, rich author and much more is, what his enemies have called him—every word a lie."*

Peterson also raises the question of Adamski's photos. He tells how those astounding images of spacecraft were maligned by skeptics—labeled as blatant fakes. Not true, says Peterson. The photos were genuine.

And certainly, the issue is central. If the photos are genuine, Adamski must be telling the truth about flying saucers. If they are fake, doubt is cast upon his entire story. So what about them? What are we to make of those photographs of spaceships?

Desmond Leslie called them "the most priceless pictures of all time." William Sherwood compared Adamski's zeal in attaining the photos with that of the most dedicated of scientists. And Pev Marly, a special-effects cinematographer, said that if the photos were fake, they were the most con-

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* The bootlegging accusation came from a visitor to Palomar Gardens, who claimed that Adamski had confessed—during a drinking spree—to having started the Royal Order of Tibet as a front for making wine during Prohibition.

vincing trick photography he had ever seen. To have faked them, said Marly—to have gotten the shadows right—would have required expensive equipment that Adamski did not possess.

But others were not so sure. The famous shot of the scout ship (page 14) was scrutinized by the British UFO Society. Their verdict? A model, fashioned from the lid of a soda machine. Other analysts saw the lid of a beer cooler, of a chicken brooder, of a tobacco humidor. But clearly a lid!

Adamski dismissed these attacks. Everyone was free, he allowed in *Inside the Space Ships,* to judge his photos and his stories; but a skeptic's "personal conclusion in no way alters *the fact of their reality.*" The average mind, he noted, always finds it easier to "scoff at new wonders than to face the fact of its own limited knowledge of the miracles that await discovery in the unlimited Universe in which he dwells."

The attacks on Adamski were not limited, of course, to his claims. His character, too, was denounced. He was labeled a crackpot, a confidence man, a "self-styled professor of Oriental philosophy." But the most common disparagement—and the one that served to discredit him most in the eyes of the public—was that George Adamski was the *mere* proprietor of a hamburger stand.

Now it was no secret that he was closely connected with the Palomar Gardens Cafe. For years Adamski had held court there, holding informal discussions with guests and lecturing in the evenings. He once described to Lou Zinsstag how he had sold refreshments, and performed other menial tasks, at the Cafe. And she was dismayed to learn that such employment had harmed his reputation in America. Why would a democratic people, she wondered, find problematical a humble background?

But it was an aspersion Adamski did not allow to go unchallenged. On one occasion a UFO investigator had described him as someone who "ran a hamburger stand on the road to the Mount Palomar Observatory," and who kept his telescope on the roof of the stand—all of which showed him to be a rude, untutored fellow, sniffed the investigator, scarcely to be taken seriously as a student of the Cosmos. An indignant Adamski responded to the

charge (in *Flying Saucers Farewell*). First of all, he pointed out, the Palomar Gardens Cafe was *not* a hamburger stand. It was a full-scale restaurant that had been mentioned in *Holiday* magazine; indeed, many "notable visitors" had dined there and signed the guest register. Secondly, he neither owned nor worked at the Cafe—he simply lived on the property, and spent time in the restaurant conversing with guests. Thirdly, his telescope was not kept on the roof, but under a dome in a nearby clearing. And even if he were a hamburger vendor, what would be wrong with that? America had been built upon "little fellows who made good."*

And a final charge that has been leveled against him involves a novel Adamski wrote and self-published in 1949—four years before his first (alleged) ride on a saucer. *Pioneers of Space: A Trip to the Moon, Mars, and Venus* is a work of fiction about a voyage by rocket ship. Encountered on the planets are high-minded humans, living in utopian societies. Their philosophy and customs resemble those of the Space People who would appear in *Inside the Space Ships.* For Adamski's detractors the novel was the smoking gun—proof of his humbuggery. He had simply rewritten it as a "factual" account.†

So…who *was* George Adamski?

The question would seem to have only two possible answers. He was either the real thing, or an egregious fraud. He was either a genuine contactee, who met with the Space People—or a cynical fake. A guller of the gullible. A charlatan who was in it (and had been ever since his Royal Order of Tibet days) for the money, women, and fame. One of these—and one only—was the real Adamski. No middle

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* Surely the example of a self-taught sage, employed in a restaurant and holding forth there, is worthy of respect. Do we look down upon Socrates for having earned his living as a stonemason? For having taught in the marketplace of Athens? For having pondered the deepest matters with a mind, like Adamski's, "unfettered by academic shackles"?

† Copies of *Pioneers of Space* are hard to find. The Library of Congress has one. Examining it, I wondered if I were not peeking behind the scenes—gazing into the hidden effects of a literary conjurer.

ground was possible. As Desmond Leslie said: "He must either be accepted *in toto* or completely rejected."

Yet isn't it conceivable that Adamski was neither a completely sincere individual nor an utterly venal one? That he was some *curious combination* of the two? According to this view, he started out as a genuine street philosopher—one of those working-class intellectuals who used to haunt public libraries, lecture from soapboxes, hold forth in taverns. But a streak of mischief (or daring) had impelled him to dramatize his teachings—by embroidering them with fantasy. His initial attempt at this had resulted in the Royal Order and the Tibetan Masters with whom he claimed to have studied. Then, as flying saucers captured the public imagination, he had simply updated his imagery. Such concoctions were justified if they helped to convey the vital truths —about nuclear peril, the brotherhood of Man, the perfidy of the ego—that he saw it as his task to teach. It was a question of pragmatism.*

As for the money and other benefits that his books had earned him, what was wrong with those? If delivering an urgent message brought you worldly success, the more power to you. Success was no sin.

So what's the verdict? Was George Adamski a purveyor of truth or a perpetrator of fraud? Or some outrageous combination of both?

It is a question the reader must decide for himself. As Adamski put it in *Inside the Space Ships*:

> At all times I have felt very humble for the privilege which has been granted me to listen to their words of wisdom and to visit and travel in their beautiful ships. All that they have asked of me is that I pass their knowledge on to my fellow Man, whoever and wherever he may be. This I shall do,

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* Writing to a student in 1951, Adamski speaks of the book he is currently working on: "Its purpose is to alert earthly men to the manifesting of the universe as it is now being revealed to him through the presence of saucers and space ships in our own atmosphere.…It will be all fiction but based on fact and might open up the minds of earthly men; whereas nothing else probably would ever be able to do so." (Quoted in Zinsstag.)

leaving to each man the privilege of believing or disbelieving, of benefiting from a higher knowledge or casting it aside in derision and skepticism.*

Yamski

George Adamski died on April 23, 1965, in a suburb of Washington, D.C.; and there his tale might be expected to end. But it has an epilogue.

On the following day, an Englishman named Arthur Bryant was walking in the Devonshire moors—when a flying saucer appeared ("out of thin air," he would insist) and landed near him. Three men hopped out. Two were tall,

* Interested readers may obtain copies of Adamski's books from the Adamski Foundation, P.O. Box 1722, Vista, CA 92085.

with high foreheads. The third was of normal height and features, and introduced himself with a name that sounded like "Yamski." The three seemed to *glow.*

They chatted with Bryant, explaining that the ship was from Venus, and took him aboard briefly. Then they flew off into the sky.

Bryant reported the incident to ufologists (who were quick to discern its connection with Adamski). He also told them of his discovery of a glass phial that the Space People had left behind. Inside it was a piece of paper, with an inscription in classical Greek:

ἀδελφοσ ἀδελφω

Adelphos adelpho. Brother to brother.

And on that enigmatic note concludes the tale of George Adamski, messenger of the Space People.